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MORE LAUDS AND LIBELS.

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR.*

The Hawarden Horace.

Humours of the Fray.

Party Portraits.

War's Surprises.

Lauds and Libels.

New Times and Old Rhymes.

*WITH E. V. LUCAS.*

Wisdom While You Wait.

Hustled History.

Signs of the Times.

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# MORE LAUDS AND LIBELS

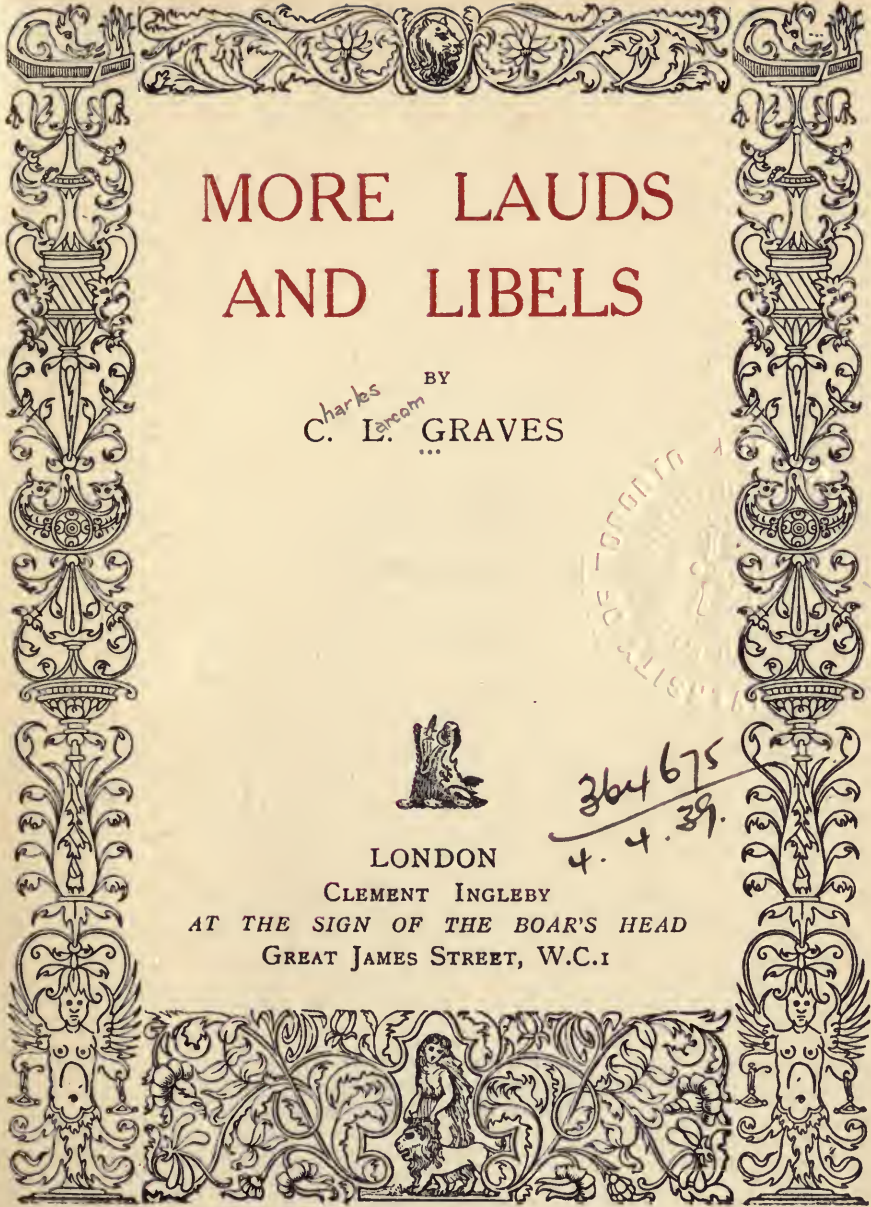
BY  
*Charles*  
*Latham*  
C. L. GRAVES



LONDON  
CLEMENT INGLEY  
AT THE SIGN OF THE BOAR'S HEAD  
GREAT JAMES STREET, W.C.1

*364675*  
*4.4.39.*

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TO ST. JOHN LUCAS  
IN GRATITUDE AND GOODWILL.



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PORTRAITS AND MEMORIES.



## ROLAND: A MEMORY.

**Y**OUNG Roland, *etat.* twenty-five,  
 If those who love him read him rightly,  
 Is grateful to be still alive,  
 And treats his sacrifices lightly;  
 He served three years of ceaseless strain  
 In lands with human wreckage littered,  
 Emerging from the ordeal sane,  
 Unbrutalized and unembittered.

He won a scholarship from school,  
 But it was nearly five years later  
 Before he came beneath the rule  
 And magic of his *alma mater*;  
 Somewhat aloof, he owns the sway  
 Of every influence that mellows,  
 And goes his meditative way  
 Among his more light-hearted fellows.

Goodly to look at, good at games,  
 No slave of "form" nor awed by rumour,  
 He does not let his serious aims  
 Impair a freakish sense of humour;  
 Coining odd phrases to express  
 A fancy delicately daring,  
 A trifle casual in his dress  
 And yet distinguished in his bearing.

His taste in books is somewhat strange;  
He loves MACAULAY, GIBBON, PEACOCK,  
Without excluding, as a change,  
The "larger lunacy" of LEACOCK;  
Averse from those who seek to ban  
The ancient humanistic banner,  
You'd tell him for an Oxford man,  
Although he lacks the Oxford manner.

In science, ruthlessly "applied"  
And owning no control, no master,  
He finds the Devil's surest guide  
To race-destruction, world-disaster;  
He is not minded to deplore  
The passing of De Veres and Howards;  
He sees an evil worse than War—  
The Peace of conscientious cowards.

Unmoved by any passionate pleas  
For giving rule to youth and numbers;  
Loth to admit the world's disease  
Is wholly due to senile slumbers;  
When fathers fretfully complain,  
And sons resentfully revile them,  
Till poison works in either brain,  
He only longs to reconcile them.

His parents, deeply in his debt,  
Find him a younger, stronger brother,  
Still heart-whole, for no women yet  
Challenge the love he bears his mother;  
Too faithful to detect a flaw,  
Too generous-hearted to disparage,  
He never will confirm the saw  
That loyal sonship ends with marriage.



I see him, but 'tis in a dream  
Born of insatiable longing,  
A vision radiant with the gleam  
Of memories ever freshly thronging;  
For Roland fell four years ago;  
Four silent years keep us asunder,  
Yet cannot dim the after-glow  
Of love and reverence and wonder.

*March 22, 1922.*

## AGLAIA: A PORTRAIT.

**A** GLAIA is a modern girl,  
 Heiress and flower of all the ages,  
 Yet not engulfed in fashion's whirl  
 Nor flouting ancient seers and sages;  
 Still young, but sobered by the War,  
 And ever humbly recognising  
 Her debt to those now "gone before,"  
 Who died to make her life worth prizing.

Contemptuous of the social code  
 And cameras of the picture-papers;  
 Neither the slave nor foe of Mode  
 As made by milliners and drapers;  
 She loves to gallop on the downs,  
 Or go boat-sailing with her brothers,  
 Far from the flattery and frowns  
 Of amorous sons and worldly mothers.

She does not spend her leisure time  
 In photographing elves and fairies;  
 She sees no special vice in rhyme,  
 No virtue in *vers libre* vagaries;  
 She differs often from her sire,  
 But holds him in sincere affection;  
 She has no need and no desire  
 For titivating her complexion.

She's deeply versed in household lore;  
Devoted to her ducks and chickens;  
She doesn't love D'ANNUNZIO more  
Than "JANE" or THACKERAY or DICKENS;  
Things "far away and long ago"  
Delight her by their restful glamour  
More than the restless raree-show  
Of modern journalistic clamour.

Frank, unaffected in her mien,  
Yet not aggressive or Alsatian,  
She minds me, regally serene,  
Of the adorable Phœacian,  
Nausicaa, the loveliest  
Of heroines in fact or fiction,  
From her first meeting with her guest  
On to her noble valediction.

Immune from all dogmatic taint  
She tends perhaps to be Erastian,  
And if she has a special saint  
His name, I think, is JOHN SEBASTIAN;  
She charms all little folk, who run  
To greet her, friends from the beginning—  
Easy to love, as yet unwon,  
But oh, how nobly worth the winning!

Regarding with a steadfast gaze  
The antics of the freaks and fribbles,  
And moving in the modern maze  
Less with the Mænads than the Sibyls;  
Supported by the saving grace  
Of humour that is clean and kindly,  
She presses onward in the race  
Intrepidly but never blindly.

“ Women when bad are very bad,  
And when they're good they're only middling;”  
That bitter saying, sour and mad,  
The facts of life have long been riddling;  
The maidens of Aglaia's breed  
Are benefactresses, not bogeys,  
And earn an unaffected meed  
Of homage from Victorian fogeys.

## TO ARAMINTA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

**D**EAR Araminta—strangely named,  
 And most intriguing of my nieces,  
 So un-Victorian and untamed,  
 So full of mutinous caprices—  
 Presuming on an uncle's right  
 Candour with kindness to mingle,  
 I humbly venture to indite  
 My greetings in a jog-trot jingle.

There's little in you of the maid,  
 Your namesake, placidly romantic,  
 Limned in the polished lines of *PRAED*,  
 And very far from corybantic;  
*You* need no warning, no defence  
 Against indulging predilections  
 For swains whose solid "excellence"\*  
 Is their sole claim to your affections.

You're modern to the finger-tips,  
 And, while addicted to athletics,  
 Incarnadine your cheeks and lips  
 With oleaginous cosmetics;  
 Domestic discipline you scout  
 As savouring of the Medes and Persians,  
 And yet your saner self "will out"  
 In various amiable reversions.

Your knowledge of Victorian lore  
 Is just as skimpy as your raiment;  
*E.g.* you'd never heard, before  
 I told you, of the TICHBORNE CLAIMANT;  
 But these shortcomings you redeem,  
 My surly discontent disarming,  
 When you confess that JANE'S "supreme"  
 And TROLLOPE "absolutely charming."

You are the human counterpart  
 Of radium—but not of argon;  
 You have acquired the dreadful art  
 Of gabbling in the Freudian jargon;  
 You have the most supreme disdain  
 For slipshod writers and best sellers,  
 And yet contentedly remain  
 One of the very worst of spellers.

You read, whene'er you can afford  
 Time from your golf or tennis matches,  
 And so your memory's strangely stored  
 With jewels and with purple patches;  
 Some garish in their modern hues,  
 Suggestive of the dyes of JUDSON,  
 Some lifted from the mystic muse  
 Of DONNE, the limpid prose of HUDSON.

You wound me when you interlard  
 Your talk with epithets uncomely,  
 And laugh at me when I regard  
 Your verbal caracolings glumly;  
 Yet I imagine, since the smart  
 Lasts but a little while—*parumper*—  
 True gold is hidden in the heart  
 That beats beneath your rainbow jumper.

So, viewing with a lenient gaze  
Your homage at the shrine of fashion,  
And flattered by your friendly ways,  
Which, after all, may be compassion—  
For you are twenty and a *belle*,  
My handicap is *sexaginta*—  
“The reason why I cannot tell,”  
But still I like you, Araminta.

\*“If he’s only an excellent person,  
My own Araminta, say No.”





## GLORINDA: A PORTRAIT.

**R**ESOLVED from earliest youth to shock and shine,  
 Glorinda, at the age of forty-nine,  
 Still drinks with thirst insatiate at the springs  
 Of new, bizarre, sophisticated things.

Goaded by all the demons of unrest,  
 Pursuing pleasure with ferocious zest,  
 Though growing daily longer in the tooth  
 She leads the revels of rebellious youth,  
 Sitting, for choice, cross-legged upon the floor  
 While neo-Georgian lions round her roar;  
 Though none can drown her piercing peacock tones  
 As she denounces BROWNING or BURNE-JONES,  
 Dismisses WELLS or BENNETT to the ranks  
 Of fageydom along with SQUIRE and SHANKS,  
 Or holds it less a blunder than a crime  
 When the dear SITWELLS deviate into rhyme.  
 As the fit climax of a hectic day  
 She loves to patronize the horror play,  
 In ecstasy succumbing to the lure  
 Of scenes a scavenger could scarce endure;  
 And in the realm of music knows no joys  
 Save those provided by "deliberate noise."

In old Victorian days a game was played  
 Wherein young ladies their "confessions" made,  
 And wrote their answers to the *questionnaire*  
 In albums cherished with religious care.  
 Some still survive, and one of them enshrines  
 Glorinda's creed in forty lurid lines,  
 Showing, in all its cultivated kinks,  
 The mental outfit of the super-minx.  
 Most I pass over, but a few may serve  
 As illustrations of her taste and nerve.

"Your favourite virtue—Perfect self-expression.  
 The vice you most abominate—Discretion.  
 Your favourite heroine—QUEEN JEZEBEL.  
 Your pet aversions—BEETHOVEN and DELL.  
 Your favourite authors—'ALDOUS' and JAMES JOYCE.  
 Your favourite animal—My big Rolls-Royce.  
 Your favourite diet—Gin and gorgonzola.  
 Your favourite female names—Locusta, Lola.  
 Your favourite composers—BLISS and BAX.  
 Your favourite sport—Riding on flapper-racks.  
 Your favourite artists—POY, PICASSO, LAMB.  
 The Heaven you hope for—One prolonged Grand Slam."

Nor are her ardent energies confined  
 To championing the mutiny of mind,  
 Or wallowing with rapture unalloyed  
 Deep in the ectoplasmic mire of FREUD.  
 No, in the elastic ambit of her code  
 The modern Mænad has a place for Mode,  
 And in the streets the very motors shy  
 When, dressed to kill, Glorinda passes by,  
 Alert, self-conscious to the finger-tips,  
 Plastered with carmine on her cheeks and lips.  
 But whether you behold her in her box,  
 Diaphanously clad, with purple locks,  
 Or jazzing with contortions that outdo  
 The gestures of a boxing kangaroo,  
 Tarantulated by the fearsome tunes  
 Played by a band of epileptic coons—  
 Glorinda holds the centre of the stage,  
 The most "conspicuous monster of our age."

## MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FOR THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH.

**L**OVER of Oxford, of her spires and towers,  
Her level meads, her rivers and her flowers,  
Home of lost causes, following the gleam  
That sheds undying magic on her dream;

Lord of the pensive elegiac lay,  
Yet as a comrade cheerful, frank and gay;  
Toiling at tasks that lesser souls refuse,  
You gave your hard-earned leisure to the Muse.

Critic of life, whose most satiric vein  
Was yet undeviatingly urbane,  
With what grave irony, serene and cool,  
You mocked the Philistine and rebuked the fool!

Unerring judge, in these ill-balanced days  
We need you, when the foolish pap of praise  
Is ladled out by coterie and clique  
On some new super-SHELLEY once a week.

In *Thyrsis*, heart-inspired yet passion-freed,  
You paid to friendship an immortal meed,  
And *Rugby Chapel* lives and shall outlast  
The polished sneers of the iconoclast.

With calm regret you watched the shifting scene,  
Yet no self-pity shook your steadfast mien;  
And even now, unsilenced by Death's sting,  
We hear your nightingales divinely sing.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER.

*(Lines on reading the new BYRON Letters.)*

**T**HOUGH BYRON'S poems fail to please  
 Our literary super-Borgians;  
 Though he is scouted at the teas  
 Frequented by the neo-Georgians;  
 Though modern bards can wail and cry  
 More shrilly, freed from metric fetters,  
 Few modern critics can deny  
 The charm and frankness of his Letters.

“The pageant of his bleeding heart”  
 Has lost its freshness—none can doubt it;  
 But here, discarding conscious art,  
 He does not “make a song about it;”  
 Here, with a candour so intense  
 That we are forced into forgiving.  
 In every mood and every tense  
 He conjugates the joy of living.

Freed from the moralizing vein  
 Of modern “gentlemen with dusters,”  
 We see his victims mirrored plain—  
 The GUICCIOLI and MARY MUSTERS;  
 And watch the juggling amorist  
 Able at once to sport and dally  
 With all the hearts upon his list—  
 A feat eclipsing CINQUEVALLI!

Sirens are here and termagants,  
 Ill-mannered though extremely well born,  
 And, cleverest of confidantes,  
 The most amazing Lady MELBOURNE;  
 Unhappy CLARE, and wise JOHN CAM,  
 Advising, warning and consoling,  
 And Lady CAROLINE, a LAMB  
 Famed for unlamblike caracoling.

How sane his serious interludes,  
 How witty are his frequent mockings  
 Of politicians and of prudes  
 And highly talented blue-stockings!  
 Madame DE STAËL, whose lips distilled  
 Ink rather than *celestia mella*;  
 And the decorous and well-drilled  
 "Rectangular" Miss ANNABELLA.

Upon his birth no kindly stars  
 Nor "the sweet influence of the Pleiades"  
 Looked down, but Venus' self and Mars  
 Watched o'er this modern Alcibiades,  
 Who drank of pleasure's midmost font,  
 Who loved too madly "beauty's daughters,"  
 Strong swimmer of the Hellespont,  
 Yet overwhelmed in life's dark waters.

Courted and praised on every hand,  
 Then ostracized and execrated;  
 Too swiftly crowned, too harshly banned,  
 Much loved yet miserably mated;  
 Though grievous sins his record taint,  
 Though lurid mists his name environ,  
 These self-revealing letters paint  
 The splendour, not the shame, of BYRON.

## AD CURCULIUM.

*(Horace, Odes, V. 16.)*

**R**ARELY statesmen do we find surviving  
 One disaster crushing and complete.  
 You upon continued failure thriving  
 Owe advancement solely to defeat.  
 Out of office dreariest of croakers,  
 Yet when Fate or favour brings you in,  
 Deadliest of Nemesis-provokers  
 By your boastful and vainglorious din.

Very brave—when sure of recognition;  
 Turbulent in hours that call for calm;  
 Spurred by an insatiate ambition,  
 Grasping madly at a triple palm.  
 Great on land was our immortal Julius,  
 Great was mighty Pompey on the sea,  
 Daedalus in aether—you, Curculius,  
 You were minded to eclipse all three.

Versatile, provocative, unstable,  
 Never sticking long to any job,  
 Turning Proteus into fact from fable,  
 Always shouting with the largest mob.  
 Once you branded as a crass Boeotian  
 Him who your exactitude discussed,  
 Now the most degraded Cappadocian  
 Prompts a less invincible distrust.

Master of all methods of evasion,  
When your sins are proven to the hilt;  
Saddling, with a sinister persuasion,  
Colleagues with the burden of your guilt;  
Reticence and you have long been strangers;  
Ever you eschew the golden mean;  
Yet, the greatest of our public dangers,  
Still you strut upon the public scene.

## TO HENRY.

"HISTORY is all bunk,"  
 HENRY FORD declares,  
 Mightiest of modern  
 Multi-millionaires;  
 And the bold assertion  
 Cannot be ignored  
 Coming from the mouth of  
 Mr. HENRY FORD.

Horror of the high-brows  
 And the cultured few  
 For his strangely narrow  
 Concentrated view;  
 Never grinding faces  
 While acquiring grist  
 And extorting homage  
 From the Socialist;

Lord of vast resources  
 By his toil amassed,  
 Wholly disregarding  
 Lessons of the past;  
 Lore of ancient Romans,  
 Lore of ancient Greeks  
 Move him not, the biggest  
 Of successful freaks.



HANNIBAL, who thirsted  
For the Roman scalps,  
With tremendous labour  
Climbed across the Alps;  
But his schemes miscarried—  
So the tale records—  
Through a transport based on  
Elephants, not Fords.

CÆSAR, BONAPARTE,  
PERICLES and PITT  
Did not lack ambition,  
Brains or solid grit;  
But with mass-production  
And combustion's aid,  
Golly! what a wondrous  
World they might have made.

SHAKESPEARE lived with actors,  
Haunted tavern bars,  
Dreaming not of tractors  
Or of motor-cars;  
MILTON, prince of scholars,  
Sold his *Paradise*  
Just for twenty dollars  
At their present price.

DANTE was no better  
Than a mystic monk  
Navigating Dreamland  
In a Chinese junk;  
How then, if not blindly  
In reaction sunk,  
Can we doubt the dictum,  
"History's all bunk"?

Wherefore, pride and marvel  
Of a hustling age,  
I salute you, HENRY,  
Not as seer or sage,  
But as looming hugely  
Mid the wildly blest  
Sons of the "Gigantic  
Daughter of the West."

## WOMEN AND WATERFOWL.

*(With apologies to the late*

Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON.)

**T**HE ladies of St. James's,  
 Though very bright and gay,  
 No longer in sedan-chairs  
 Go "swinging to the play";  
 But, while they serve as models  
 Of Fashion's endless flux,  
 St. James's real glory  
 Is in its birds and ducks.

The ladies of St. James's  
 Are angular of gait,  
 And rigid "lamp-post outlines"  
 Their figures imitate;  
 But the pigeons, oh! the pigeons,  
 Are plump and graceful too,  
 And full of woodland magic  
 Is their delicious coo.

The ladies of St. James's  
 In speech are loud and free;  
 In moments of expansion  
 They loose the frequent D.;  
 But the dabchicks, oh! the dabchicks,  
 No matter how they fuss,  
 Abstain from any noises  
 Suggestive of a cuss.

The ladies of St. James's  
 They are so fine and smart;  
 Their marvellous complexions  
 Astound my simple heart;  
 But the pelicans, the pelicans,  
 Cause only pleasant thrills;  
 They need no rouge or lipstick  
 To rubricate their bills.

The ladies of St. James's,  
 And Phyllida likewise,  
 Fill Lady FRANCES BALFOUR  
 With horrified surprise:  
 But the sheldrakes, oh! the sheldrakes,  
 With their enchanting clucks  
 They merely fascinate one,  
 They are such real ducks!

O CAROLUS, O CAROLUS  
 (The Second of that name),  
 In politics and morals  
 You played a shady game;  
 And yet to you, the wildest  
 Of royal rakes and bucks,  
 We owe St. James's parkland,  
 Its pelicans and ducks.

## GRUMPY: A BLACK-CAP GULL.

*(A Study from Life.)*

**W**HERE, on the marge of Moray's Firth,  
 The seagulls make their punctual  
 landing,  
 Provocative of endless mirth,  
 Is one, a friend of ten years' standing;  
 For, though he's getting rather lame  
 And in alighting somewhat bumpy,  
 He more than justifies the name  
 The children gave him once of "Grumpy."

Policeman of the level sward  
 Frequented by their pet free-fooders,  
 He keeps a vigilant watch and ward  
 Against irregular intruders;  
 On foot their master and their match,  
 With lowered beak and shoulders humpy,  
 But in the scrum or as a catch  
 Inferior to the rest is Grumpy.

His language to the younger gulls  
 Is not polite or Ciceronian;  
 No tolerance controls or lulls  
 A temper sternly Caledonian;  
 And when they filch, beneath his nose,  
 The morsels that are large and lumpy,  
 Convulsed with rage he shrieks and grows  
 A very Devil of a Grumpy.

I hear him, at the screech of dawn,  
Perched always on the same low gable;  
But mostly he patrols the lawn—  
His breakfast, lunch and dinner table;  
Fierce, yet a slave to strict routine;  
Grave when alone, with others jumpy;  
He always dominates the scene,  
Always ungenial, always Grumpy.

Some days he goes into retreat,  
But then, in flattering imitation,  
Another gull usurps his beat  
And apes his ways to admiration;  
Son or disciple—who shall say?  
But, since he's growing old and dumpy,  
We live in hope the mimic may  
Prolong the dynasty of Grumpy.

**IRRESPONSIBLE IDYLLS.**





## A BALLAD OF BOAR'S HILL.

**T**WO years ago 'twas stated that every Jack and Jill  
 Of genius had migrated from Oxford to Boar's Hill,  
 And, since divine afflatus was fostered by the cure,  
 The Hill's Parnassian status seemed destined to endure.

For there Victorian lions lay down with Georgian lambs  
 Or pushed their precious scions, young prosodists, in prams;  
 Well-water was not ample, but those who wished to sing  
 Could always safely sample the Heliconian spring.

But, recently week-ending hard by the sacred fount  
 And duteously ascending this memorable mount,  
 Where on contiguous ridges, each in his bowery dell,  
**JOHN MASEFIELD, ROBERT BRIDGES and GILBERT MURRAY** dwell,

Alas! I sadly noted, where'er I took my way,  
 Signs of sophistication and symptoms of decay;  
 A crass commercial coma now threatens to efface  
 The rarefied aroma that dignified the place.

For when, the summit scaling, you pause to scan the scene,  
 A peer's portentous paling erects its monstrous screen,  
 Blocking from all beholders the loveliest view I know  
 Of Oxford as she "smoulders and glitters" down below.

Where every prospect pleases but only Art is vile,  
 New structural diseases the landscape now defile—  
 Villas *de luxe* repeating the manners of Mayfair,  
 Its fine luxurious eating, its centralised hot air.

The merry Oxford golfer from Frilford homeward bound,  
The Philistine, the scoffer, invades this holy ground;  
And nurses with their charges regard him with dislike  
As down the hill he barges upon his motor-bike.

No more are rustics bidden to plays of Ancient Greece,  
Uncultured and unchidden they vegetate in peace;  
Greek is no more in fashion for chauffeurs, maids, or grooms,  
Dancing is now the passion in Muscovite costumes.

The memories that cluster about the Poets' Hill  
Already lose their lustre; the nightingales are still;  
And Oxford in revival looks proudly from beneath  
Upon the coming rival of Hampstead and its Heath.

MORAL.

Bards of the finest feather, avoid your kind like sin;  
For if you flock together the world comes butting in.  
The facts I tell confirm it: the lights that never wane  
Are kindled by the hermit who shuns the crowd profane.

*June, 1922.*

## THE GREAT ESTRANGEMENT.

In the brave days of old in their souls they were single,  
For as DAVID to JONATHAN, HOGGE was to PRINGLE.

If ever they happened to travel *incog*.  
HOGGE's title was PRINGLE, and PRINGLE's was HOGGE.

Together they studied the Log of *Tom Cringle*,  
Temerarious HOGGE and adventurous PRINGLE!

They were adepts at rolling the mutual log;  
They hunted in couples, did PRINGLE and HOGGE.

Together they laughed at *Micawber* and *Jingle*,  
For HOGGE was a lover of DICKENS, like PRINGLE.

Together they championed each poor under-dog,  
Compassionate PRINGLE, magnanimous HOGGE!

In winter they sat side by side in the ingle,  
"Dear BILLY," said HOGGE, and "Dear JIMMY," said  
PRINGLE.

In summer, at picnics, the viands or prog  
Were equally shared between PRINGLE and HOGGE.

And if HOGGE with his victuals was minded to "plinge,"  
It always impaired the digestion of PRINGLE.

At watering-places each swam like a frog,  
Amphibious PRINGLE, amphibious HOGGE.

They tramped the Parade and they basked on the shingle,  
But always together, JAMES HOGGE and WILL PRINGLE.

At St. Stephen's, when PRINGLE was questioning, HOGGE  
Sat in rapt admiration, alert and agog.

Conversely when HOGGE made the Tories' ears tingle,  
None cheered with a heartier gusto than PRINGLE.

They once were twin brothers, like Magog and Gog,  
But now they are enemies, PRINGLE and HOGGE.

And with vinegar oil will more readily mingle  
Than HOGGE will consent to join forces with PRINGLE.

For HOGGE on the Georgian wheel is a cog,  
And PRINGLE refuses to go the whole HOGGE.

*June, 1923.*

## METROMANIA.

(Dedicated, in awe and admiration, to Professor H. W. GARROD,  
author of "Simonidea.")

**P**ORING o'er the priceless pages of *The Classical Review*,  
Where our professorial pundits esoteric aims pursue,  
Suddenly I had a vision, looming largely through the mists,  
Of the awful Armageddon of contending prosodists.

Rapt into the Realm of Metre, in a catalectic trance,  
I beheld the Pentapodies anacrustically prance,  
While WILAMOWITZ expounded his heretical design  
For the absolute dethronement of the Archebulian line.

Horror-struck, I saw the onslaught of a choriambic crew  
Of enhoplian pterodactyls on an ephelcystic gnu;  
Listened to the gruesome bellowing when HEPHAESTION released  
Hordes of logæedic trochees on the melic anapæst.

Loud the cries of VICTORINUS and of TRICHAS rose and fell  
As they drove the strong cæsura through the fields of asphodel,  
Truculently titubating o'er the prostrate paradigms  
And complacently committing hypercatalectic crimes.

BERGK and HARTUNG, HILLER-CRUSIUS, GOTTFRIED HERMANN,  
SCHNEIDEWIN,  
In the thickest of the *mêlée* swelled the desolating din;

Agèd FORTUNATIANUS gave at times a feeble yelp,  
And at intervals LUPERCUS bleated forth the Greek for "Help!"

Fierce eleutherometricians skirmished wildly in the van,  
Executing evolutions which my eyes refused to scan,  
Agile as the young opossum in the movement of their feet,  
Yet indisputably tending to become asynartete.

But the anapæstic phalanx, redolent of coming doom,  
With Simonidean starkness hurtled through the growing gloom;  
Intermittently discharging from the epinikian heights  
Salvoes of Pindaric spondees at the fleeing epitrites.

Ultimately things grew calmer and a gentle dochmiac  
Bore me safely from the welter on its Sophoclean back,  
And prosodic peace descended softly over land and sea  
As I woke to find Lord Thanet still belabouring L.G.

*May, 1922.*

## THE GAPE CURE.

["Yawn—do not be afraid to yawn. It is one of the most healthful of exercises. It does not necessarily express boredom. It indicates relaxation and freedom from poisons in the system."—Dr. F. P. MILLARD, of Toronto, quoted by an Evening Paper.]

**L**ONG wearied with heavens and hells invented by wise  
Mr. WELLS—

That marvellous binder of spells on the youth of our wonderful time—

With ROTHERMERE'S fervid appeals, LOVAT FRASER'S italicized squeals,

I was ready to take to my heels and levant to some tropical clime

In search of the rest that I crave from the "gestures" of  
BROMLEY the brave,

From cults that degrade or enslave, from the lure of this triplicate rhyme.

But now, when all things are askew, with the speed of a bolt  
from the blue

Comes the tidings, tremendous yet true, of a remedy, painless  
and sure,

For the sorrows that fall to our share, never failing in power  
to repair

Our bodies' and minds' wear and tear and expel what is base  
and impure.

The gospel of "laugh and grow fat" is simply to talk through  
one's hat—

Thanks be! we know better than that—No, *yawning's* the  
one perfect cure.

You can practise it freely at large—no bobby will give you in charge—

In the tram, in the Tube, on the marge of the Serpentine's silvery tide;

You can practise it also at home; you can practise it under the dome

Of St. Paul's; at a "cinemadrome," or while reading a speech from the Clyde;

Or, again, when the music of BAX imposes too heavy a tax

On your nerves, you can always relax and open your mandibles wide.

It is healthy; it strengthens the jaw (it is probably practised by SHAW)

And entirely expels from the maw all poisons that prey on our frame;

And it isn't at all impolite, for it doesn't imply any slight

Of the bore whose maleficent blight may be putting you clean off your game.

No, it's merely a natural "urge" of the generous instincts that surge

From the heart till they conquer or purge "inhibitions" that hamper our aim.

So in future, when BEAVERBROOK bawls, or when the barometer falls,

Or Johnny is ploughed in his Smalls, or when my account's overdrawn,

Or when GARVIN's Sabbatical screed imperils the rest that I need

On the day that's divinely decreed for the ease of the weary and "thrown,"

I shall find an effective escape from every worry and scrape

In resort to an "oscitant gape"—a refreshing and cavernous yawn.



## LATEST NEWS FROM NOWHERE.

(To "R.F.")

THE folk who live in Fairyland, the blameless little folk,  
Dwell in a clean and airy land, unsoiled by grime or  
smoke,

A land of moonlit glory, of deep and mossy dells,  
Disowned by MONTESSORI, unvisited by WELLS.

Immune to the diseases that harass human flesh  
With pains and aches and wheezes, and always young and  
fresh,

They live unseared by passion, untroubled by the vote,  
And from the freaks of Fashion adorably remote.

They need no pill nor potion, no talks with Doctor CRANE;  
They move with noiseless motion that mocks the aeroplane;  
They ask no apparatus for perfect "listening-in";  
They do not emulate us in multiplying din.

They have no fierce ink-slingers, no traffickers in stunts,  
No harsh and raucous singers, no saxophonic grunts;  
No scribes for ever "stressing," no bardlings who rehearse  
Thoughts never worth expressing in prose, far less in verse.

But even elves and fairies, emancipate from schools,  
Must temper their vagaries by keeping wholesome rules;  
And punishment unsparing descends upon the head  
Of those who in their bearing are vulgar or ill-bred.

Publicity, so dearly beloved by mortal man,  
Is ostracized severely and placed beneath a ban;  
And culprits who the orders of Oberon transgress  
Are banished from his borders into the wilderness.

Such lamentable scandals, though fortunately rare,  
Are due to human Vandals who taint the elfin air,  
Luring the frank immortals to posture and to pose,  
And pass within the portals of photographic prose.

According to "advices" sent by a little bird  
One of those elfin crises has recently occurred;  
And three young fairy flappers have been severely strafed  
For yielding to the snappers and being photographed.

In partial mitigation of their sentence it was urged  
They had saved the situation and triumphantly emerged,  
Since all of them discarded the genuine fairy gear,  
And were dressed and combed and narded like juveniles  
down here.

Their counsel's plea succeeded and the trio were discharged,  
But a reprimand was needed, and King Oberon enlarged  
On the grave and serious dangers of coquetting with the  
band  
Of spying prying strangers who libel Fairyland.

"I have," he said, "no censure for CONAN while he roams  
The field of strange adventure with his undying *Holmes*,  
Or plies his full Onotos on annals of the War:  
'Tis but his fairy photos I utterly abhor.

"So shun," the King concluded, "the dull mechanic lens,  
And shun the bilge exuded by ectoplasmic pens,  
But honour the magician whose art they stain and soil,  
Elfland's Academician—delightful DICKY DOYLE."

## THE KINGDOM OF NUPE.

[For the existence of this kingdom the author relies on the high authority of Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, but is solely responsible for the pronunciation of its name and the description of its manners and customs.]

I'VE just been arranging my holiday plans,  
 But, alas! *res angusta* decisively bans  
 Any flights to the "land of the mountain and flood,"  
 In spite of the passionate call of the blood;  
 And the state of my balance no prospect affords  
 Of excursions to Alps or to Lakes or to Fjords;  
 So, always content to be Fantasy's dupe,  
 My passage I've booked for the Kingdom of Nupe.

There the papers are closely restricted to fact  
 And flagrant offenders are publicly thwacked;  
 There motor-horns sound a melodious note,  
 Not like a sick ogre who's clearing his throat;  
 And anyone preaching the doctrines of FREUD  
 Is collared, imprisoned and promptly destroyed;  
 And girls are prevented from looping the loop  
 In the highly considerate Kingdom of Nupe.

There the old do not linger too long on the stage  
 And the young do not wage a vendetta on age;  
 But the two generations keep intimate touch,  
 For neither expects of the other too much;  
 While, to further the general peace and goodwill,  
 All the Bores are obliged to reside on Bores' Hill,  
 Where they form a completely innocuous group  
 In the bland and benevolent Kingdom of Nupe.

No curious inquirer your privacy probes;  
And there aren't any gloomy professional Jobs,  
Or professional Tapleys, or Bishops who find  
In farcical sermons a cure for mankind.  
No pinchbeck Napoleons are found in this clime,  
For megalomania's accounted a crime;  
And magistrates down on such criminals swoop  
Like a thousand of bricks, in the Kingdom of Nupe.

If you ask me to show you this realm on the map,  
I answer, it lies in the zone of Good Hap;  
It's an island, of course, fringed with perilous foam;  
Each house has a large lapis-lazuli dome  
With orioles playing around on the stoep;  
And I sail there o' nights in a sumptuous sloop  
With Joy at the helm and Delight on the poop,  
For in dreams I'm a King—of the Kingdom of Nupe.

## SPRING'S MIXED GRILL.

OUR purses are leaner;  
 Expenses are banned;  
 But the vacuum cleaner  
 Is loud in the land.

The young leaves are shooting  
 In spinney and copse;  
 The burglars are looting  
 The jewellers' shops.

The gold of Golconda  
 Has vanished from sight;  
 But the miners of Rhondda  
 Are spoiling for fight.

The tailors are talking  
 Of raising their prices;  
 Street vendors are hawking  
 Their pink-and-white ices.

The passion for prancing  
 Consumes great and small;  
 The world must have dancing  
 Although the sky fall.

The income-tax dodger  
 More boldness displays;  
 The Oliver Lodger  
 Is flirting with fays.

Gas-users with frenzy  
Are cursing the therm,  
While COMPTON MACKENZIE  
Sits happy in Herm.

The SITWELLS are fitting  
Their *Wheels* with fresh cranks;  
Fresh fissures are splitting  
The Georgian ranks.

The magic of Hymen  
Exerts its full sway,  
And ardent dry fly-men  
Are longing for May.

America's arid;  
The outlook is red;  
But still folk get married  
And some get re-wed.

And hope of salvation  
Revives and remains,  
For the rule of *The Nation*  
Is passing to KEYNES.

## THE NEED FOR NEW OATHS.

[A writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, though "not easily shocked," yet confesses to finding his sense of fitness "deeply hurt by the endless repetition of commonplace expletives," and pleads for variety, a new method and a recognition of the fact that the prime ingredient of effective malediction is mystery—as in the objurgations of SHAKESPEARE.]

IN a world of perpetual fiction,  
 Of misery, chaos and greed,  
 Resort to a fine malediction  
 Becomes an imperative need;  
 And yet, when abandoning fair words,  
 We rarely escape from the key—  
 Which governs our usual swear-words—  
 Of B or of D.

We are weary of ringing the changes  
 On variants of doom and of gore;  
 Of the banal retort that estranges  
 While failing to flatten or floor;  
 Crude curses infrequently hurt you;  
 Plain oaths neither pester nor plague;  
 The true maledictory virtue  
 Resides in the vague.

O poets, who juggle with phrases  
    Bejewelled and curious and rare,  
Quit awhile panegyrics and praises,  
    And teach us how fitly to swear;  
Embellish our common-place cuss-words,  
    Enlarge their too squalid routine,  
And coin us some new *alpha* + words  
    For venting our spleen.

We are sick of the stale repetition  
    Of monosyllabic abuse;  
Be yours the magnanimous mission  
    To make it ornate and profuse;  
And whether home-grown or Australian  
    I care not one atom, so long  
As it's sumptuous, sesquipedalian,  
    Mysterious and strong.

And if, to promote the right temper,  
    Old volumes you deign to explore,  
You'll find that our WILLIAM, *ut semper*  
    (Confound him!), has "been there  
    before,"

And left, in the sphere of invective,  
    The classical type of the curse—  
Ingenious, intriguing, effective—  
    Which makes you feel worse.



## THE DREAM DEAN.

**M**ETHOUGHT, while walking down  
 Cheapside  
 Amid the jostling human maze,  
 A sombre figure I espied  
 That strangely rivetted my gaze;  
 And suddenly the impulse came  
 To follow him and learn his name.

So, to accomplish my intent,  
 I passed him, turned, his path to bar,  
 And asked him, "Reverend Sir, consent  
 To tell me who you really are?"  
 He fixed me with his haggard een  
 And said, "I am the doomy Glean."

Sore puzzled and perplexed in mind  
 I caught him gently by the sleeve;  
 "Oh, Sir," I begged, "be frank and  
 kind  
 And my uncertainty relieve—  
 Who are you?" Like a sullen boom  
 Came the reply, "The gleamy Doom."

Thereon a happy thought occurred;  
 "Are you," I hazarded, "the Snark,  
 Or he, lord of the jumble-word,  
 Oxford's great Metaphasiarch?"  
 "No, no," he said, "I never Spoon;  
 I am the only deamy Gloon."

Loth to relinquish my desire  
Once more I pressed him to explain  
The mystic words that lit a fire  
In every fibre of my brain;  
And he replied, "I grant the boon.  
Know that I am the gleamy Doon."

Dumbfounded by this final stroke,  
I stood aghast at my mishap,  
When, on a sudden, I awoke  
And found, still lying on my lap,  
The book that solved my vision's  
meaning;  
*Outspoken Essays*—author, Dean INGE.

MINSTRELS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.



## MODERN MINSTRELS.

**O** YE youthful music-makers who despise the old wiseacres  
 And are frank and fearless breakers of each antiquated rule,  
 Pray your best attention render to the counsel that I tender  
 If you wish to shed new splendour on the Neo-English School.

Fix your fierce injected eyes on some far tropical horizon,  
 Shun the mellow light that lies on English landscapes calm  
 and cool,  
 If you need an inspiration for some noble exudation  
 Full of negroid syncopation—for the Neo-English School.

Don't be cowed by Mr. HARTY, that reactionary party;  
 Write an Anthem to Astarte, or a Vampire, or a Ghoul;  
 Be chromatic and exotic, and erratic and erotic,  
 But oh! don't be patriotic in the Neo-English School.

Dealing with the age Victorian, ancient hymns and chants  
 Gregorian,  
 Be dynamic, dinosaurian, in your scathing ridicule;  
 Emulate the spatial swerver who controls the great *Observer*  
 And impart a hectic fervour to the Neo-English School.

Cultivate a green or blue sense, in the style of BLISS and  
 GOOSSENS,  
 And demolish as a nuisance those who petulantly pule  
 When a piece virile and vital, with a scarifying title,  
 Is performed at some recital by the Neo-English School.

Be yourselves—that is, hubristic, apolaustic, botulistic;  
Shun the broodings of the mystic on the penitential stool;  
And remember that the tragic element exerts its magic  
Only when it's hæmorrhagic—in the Neo-English School.

You may hint a Celtic *aura*, or suggest the Burmese flora,  
Or an Adriatic *bora*, or a merry Mesopotamian mule;  
Limn the Arctic (frozen-mittish), the Equator when it's skittish,  
But you never must be British in the Neo-English School.

Be malignant and mephitic, ultra-psycho-analytic,  
Lest some fine enlightened critic write you down a simple fool;  
Be voluptuous, volcanic, swift in stimulating panic,  
And you'll add a charm Satanic to the Neo-English School.

## GREETING TO GEORGE FREDERICK.

**T**HOUGH the old, who shy at  
"movements,"

Find it hard to keep abreast  
With the progress of improvements  
Making mainly for unrest—  
Such as pictures in the papers  
Of the lipstick-using clan,  
And the epileptic capers  
Of disciples of SUZANNE;—

Though the char-à-banc's incursion  
Devastates our rural nooks;  
Though we find but scant diversion  
In the films of vamps and crooks;  
Though we travel ever faster  
To the earth's remotest shores,  
And the voice of the broadcaster  
Pierces through our bedroom doors;—

Though unending talk of "gesture"  
Dominates our Pressmen's prose;  
Though the modern woman's vesture  
Harder in its outline grows,  
Since the call of modish duty  
Forced her to be slim and straight,  
And the curves of rounded beauty  
Vanished from the fashion-plate;—

Still, amid the general welter,  
Certain features stand like stone;  
Certain souls can find a shelter,  
An oasis of their own;  
And, eschewing the Satanic  
Snortings of the jazz baboons,  
Simple folk from Deal to Alnwick,  
Still delight in simple tunes.

Still the music-loving million  
To the Crystal Palace flock,  
Filling PAXTON'S glass pavilion  
Thrice a week at two o'clock,  
Undeterred by high-browed sneering  
At their lack of taste and brains,  
Simply for the joy of hearing  
HANDEL'S everlasting strains.



## RHYMES OF RESENTMENT.

(*By a mediæval Minstrel.*)

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was  
 young,  
 She flattered us with golden tongue;  
 She calmed the heart with sorrow wrung,  
     But shunned sophistication;  
 'Tis only in these modern days  
 She strives to startle and amaze  
 By din and discord and displays  
     Of furious syncopation.

The bards with one accord attest  
 The fact that music once possessed  
 Charms that could soothe the savage  
     breast  
     And make it mild and mellow;  
 To-day the rôles are changed; the lute  
 Gives place to the barbaric hoot,  
 And music borrows from the brute  
     The snort, the groan, the bellow.

We have no BACH, but we have BAX,  
 And also epileptic blacks  
 Who nightly with ferocious whacks  
     Assault their gongs and tabors,  
 Or fetch the most blood-curdling groans  
 From devastating saxophones,  
 Regardless of the sighs and moans  
     Of sleep-desiring neighbours.

O fortunate and golden time  
When melody was not a crime,  
When poets were allowed to rhyme  
    And had to mind their metre!  
The bliss of ignorance, I wis,  
Proverbially is not amiss,  
But oh, the ignorance of Bliss  
    May possibly be sweeter!

## THE OLD SINGER'S PROBLEM.

I CANNOT sing the old songs  
 That helped me on life's road,  
 The cheerful, heart-of-gold songs  
 That lightened many a load;  
 It is not due to treason,  
 But for the simple reason  
 That in this hectic season  
 They are not *à la mode*.

What singer now proposes,  
 However brave he be,  
 "She Wore a Wreath of Roses,"  
 Or yet "The Sands o' Dee"?  
 But I, whene'er I "wander  
 Down mountain sides," grow fonder  
 Of CLAY, who lures us yonder  
 To magic "Araby."

These minstrels weren't mephitic  
 Or cosmic in their croon,  
 Or psycho-analytic—  
 They flourished far too soon—  
 But, whether gay and cheerful  
 Or woe-begone and tearful,  
 At least they were not fearful  
 Of giving us a tune.

## THE OLD SINGER'S PROBLEM.

But Time, the ever-rolling,  
With wreckage in his train,  
Has bowled out "Poor Tom Bowling,"  
Silenced "My Pretty Jane;"  
"The Message" and "Requital,"  
Once vigorous and vital,  
At concert or recital  
May now be sought in vain.

And yet, while fondly grieving  
For idols passed away,  
*Ich grolle nicht*, perceiving  
How later stars decay—  
How STRAUSS, once king of bogeys,  
Losing his fearsome vogue, is  
Reckoned among the fogeys  
By critics of to-day.

Still, hard are the afflictions  
Of one who would be true  
To his life-long convictions  
And generous aims pursue;  
He cannot sing the old songs,  
The out-of-print, unsold songs,  
The cheerful, gay and bold songs;  
He *will* not sing the new.

## HANDEL IN PALL MALL.

**T**HE bands that everywhere compete  
 For contributions in the street  
 At times, I must admit, inspire  
 My soul with homicidal ire;  
 But when, to-day, after a spate  
 Of melodies all up-to-date,  
 Vivacious, gushing, sickly-sweet,  
 And "featuring" the cornet's bleat,  
 There stole upon my ravished sense,  
 Harassed by raucous violence,  
 And bored by all this modern *argot*,  
 The strains of HANDEL's famous *Largo*,  
 I listened for the thousandth time  
 To the great air, serene, sublime,  
 And found the magic of the song  
 As fresh as ever and as strong.  
 Nay, more, uplifted by the strain  
 Out of the dull world's drab domain,  
 I grew oblivious of the cries  
 That now insistently arise;  
 Deaf to the gibes of BIRKENHEAD;  
 The raucous clamours of the Red;  
 The strident accents of the sect  
 Who claim to own all intellect;  
 The quips of Lady BONHAM CARTER,  
 Less solid than her sire, but smarter;  
 The voice of vanity and spite,  
 The voice of bounding blatherskite—  
 All, all became as good as dumb  
 And failed to reach my tympanum;

While even Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS,  
The Sisters TALMADGE, Sisters TRIX,  
And all the plays and all the books  
In praise of scamps and vamps and crooks  
Faded and vanished from my view,  
Thanks to the air *Ombra mai ful*  
'Twas but a glimpse of calm divine,  
Yet while it lasted it was mine  
To reach the paradisal zone  
Where politicians are unknown  
And films are not released or shown,  
But HANDEL teaches mortal ears  
The immortal music of the spheres.

## THE LOST CHORD.

*(Revised Version.)*

**S**EATED one morn at my organ  
 I was restless and ill at ease,  
 For I had supped too freely  
 On Kümmel and toasted cheese.

I know not what I was playing,  
 And I wasn't playing well,  
 But I struck one chord of music  
 That lifted the lid off h—l.

It howled like a mad gorilla,  
 It yelped like a blue baboon  
 As it munches the wild Manilla  
 In the Mountains of the Moon.

It tied up the simplest meanings  
 In horrible knots and twists;  
 It shrouded the dazzling sunlight  
 In the murk of miasmatic mists.

It was barbarous, botulistic,  
 It linked the Chimæra's boom  
 With a dismal, Bedlamistic  
 And super-decanal gloom.

## THE LOST CHORD.

It shattered my topmost skylight,  
It splintered my study door,  
And it died away in the twilight  
With a galliambic snore.

Oh, I strive with passionate longing  
That wondrous chord to recall,  
And compose a rhapsody on it  
For the Queen's or the Albert Hall.

I have sought—but I seek it vainly—  
That chord so cruel and keen  
Which entered the soul of the organ  
From the soul of SCRIBIN.

It may be that Death's euphonium  
That chord some day will sound;  
But only in Pandemonium  
Will its full effect be found.



## THE CONSCIENTIOUS COMPOSER.

I AM studying percussion with a Russian,  
 A specialist in devastating din;  
 Eustachian bombination and synthetic syncopation  
 With a Swede, and astrophysics with a Finn.

I am working at phlebitis and arthritis  
 In the clinic of a Salonica Jew;  
 I am learning the prognosis of arteriosclerosis  
 From a prominent professor from Peru.

I shun the style Teutonic like bubonic,  
 For I reverence the ruling of *The M\*\*l*  
 In italics or small pica, but I play the balalaika  
 And I'm master of the Melanesian scale.

I can play the ekulele pretty gaily;  
 Upon the Afghan harp I'm quite first-rate;  
 And the folk songs of the Suabians and the Jugo-  
 Bessarabians  
 I am diligently striving to collate.

I am setting tunes from Cuba for the tuba  
 And acclimatizing airs from the Azores;  
 And the luscious cherimoya and the canvases of GOYA  
 Are imparting richer flavour to my scores.

I have interviewed Siberians and Algerians,  
Algonquins, Aztecs, Copts and Touaregs;  
I have written to Roumanians and consulted the  
Albanians  
On the morals of the Tosks and of the Ghegs.

I have analysed the *flora* of Sonora;  
And I'm hoping very shortly to convey  
The giant sloth's aroma and its enervating coma  
In the realistic Patagonian way.

My methods may be hectic and eclectic,  
Yet governed are they by two aims alone—  
To ban the insularity of simple English clarity;  
To use all racial idioms save our own.

I own the task's fatiguing and intriguing,  
But in the end the grind will bring me grist,  
For when it is completed I am certain to be greeted  
As a "genuine all-British melodist."

## EXOTIC LOVE-SONG.

**A**S I amble o'er the ocean  
 In the languid air of eve;  
 As I gamble with emotion  
 In a world of make-believe;  
 With the fervour of DA GAMA  
 When he reached his Eastern goal,  
 I salute thee, O Lebama,  
 Queen and sovereign of my soul!

As I boldly breast the breakers  
 Where the cruel crawling foam  
 Spreads in coldly creaming acres  
 Round about my island home;  
 As I view the panorama  
 Steeped in sleek insidious calm,  
 Thou alone, O fair Lebama,  
 To my spirit bringest balm!

Though I kill unnumbered cat-fish  
 In the luminous lagoon,  
 Or despatch the deadly bat-fish  
 With my terrible harpoon,  
 Yet the curses of Kehama  
 Are a lighter load than mine  
 When thou passest by, Lebama—  
 Passest by without a sign.

## EXOTIC LOVE-SONG.

When I brace me for the combat  
With the desperate dugong;  
When I trace the deadly wombat  
By its fluorescent song;  
At each crisis of life's drama—  
In its raptures and its smarts—  
Thou, ubiquitous Lebama,  
Reignest in my heart of hearts.

Though I take to turtle-stalking  
In the sad Sargasso Sea,  
Or awake with tonic talking  
Some lethargic chimpanzee,  
Though I read the tales of BRAMAH  
Or the jests of RONALD KNOX,  
Ever in my ears "Lebama"  
Rings in endless magnavox.

Though I fly to Fujiyama  
Or the purlieus of Tibet,  
Where the high and holy LAMA  
Lives immune from fear or fret,  
Thou art still, divine Lebama,  
In the spirit at my side,  
My *Khansamah* and my *amah*  
My *Gautama* and my guide.

**RHYMES OF REMONSTRANCE.**



## THE NEW PHILANTHROPY.

(Variations on an Old Theme.)

IN Pre-Humanitarian days, before the blessed creed  
 Of Self-expression was evolved to save the human breed,  
 Occasional attempts were made to mitigate the rule  
 Of harsh unfeeling masters over horse and ass and mule;  
 But only in these later years and in this favoured clime  
 Has Man begun to hearken to the Cry of Human Crime;  
 Bear with me, then, my brother, while I expound to thee  
 Our *duty* to the Criminal; his *right* to Liberty.

Be gentle to the Burglar, as a brother and a man,  
 Before his bold activities you ignorantly ban;  
 He is not, O believe me, moved by vulgar love of pelf,  
 But is striving for expression of his truest, highest self.  
 That *meum* should be *tuum* is a very noble aim  
 And its logical inversion is exempt from any blame;  
 So be gentle with the Burglar, for, regarded rightly, he  
 Promotes the solidarity of A, B, C and D.

Be kind to the Incendiary and call him Pyrophil,  
 But never Pyromaniac—a word that breeds ill-will—  
 Since the desire to kindle fire, so psychic science finds,  
 Is “the subconscious heritage of all Promethean minds,”  
 And only mediæval Codes, as cruel as they’re crude,  
 Requite this admirable act with penal servitude;  
 Wherefore, dear friends, to serve the ends of Celtic joy and  
 glee,  
 Encourage all Incendiaries and let them go scot-free.

Be reverent to Renegades; their actions mostly tend  
To realize the yearnings of the super-candid friend;  
Convinced that their own country is always in the wrong,  
Unto another country they're driven to belong;  
And if it comes to fighting they are bound to lend a hand  
In rooting up the evils which deface their native land;  
But if they're caught and—horrid thought!—kept under  
lock and key,  
Outside their jail O do not fail to pray on bended knee.

Be amiable to Anarchists; the odds are quite immense  
That they are merely functioning in righteous self-defence,  
Or were tainted in their childhood with a tendency to crime  
By the pestilential nonsense of some wicked nursery rhyme.  
Promiscuous bomb-throwing is an awkward game, I own,  
Still it's useful to conciliate the men by whom they're  
thrown;  
So, if you wish to celebrate some sort of jubilee,  
Be amiable to Anarchists—as an insurance fee.

Be pitiful to Poisoners; they ply an ancient trade;  
The pill, as science teaches us, is mightier than the blade;  
LOCUSTA, in Imperial Rome, was greatly in request;  
Her skill in toxicology all annalists attest;  
And the population problem would never be acute  
If her efficacious remedies regained their old repute;  
So be pitiful to Poisoners, but safer it will be  
To keep them from the making of your early morning tea.



Be lenient to Leninites, and, when they're on the run,  
Provide them with provisions and a shelter and a gun;  
And, if you meet a murderer parading in the Strand,  
Say, "How's your poor old mother?" and shake him by  
the hand;

For the true hall-mark of genius, as some Modernists  
maintain,

Is the faculty of giving an infinity of pain;  
And, since the earnest homicide can safely urge this plea,  
Be merciful to Murderers, on land or on the sea.

Be kind to Kurds and with fair words encourage Kemalists,  
But do not waste your sympathy on Southern Unionists;  
And harry the descendants of the House of ROMANOFF,  
Living or dead, wed or unwed, with savage gibe and scoff;  
For even our angelic magnanimity must fail  
In dealing with monstrosities beyond the human pale;  
But, for the rest, this one behest is right for you and me—  
Be kind to every Criminal of high or low degree.

## MODERNITY.

**F**OR the increase of uplift and unction,  
 The daily diffusion of scares;  
 For diarists void of compunction  
 In vending their personal wares;  
 For writers whose dialogue, freely  
 Dispensing with dashes or blanks,  
 Makes the mouth of a navvy sound mealy—  
 Oh! let us give thanks.

For the heroes who struck off the shackles  
 Of metre and scansion and rhyme,  
 And proved that each gosling that cackles  
 Is uttering verse all the time;  
 For EDITH and OSBERT and SACHA,  
 As well as for SQUIRE and for SHANKS,  
 And BRIDGES—prosodical Pasha—  
 Oh! let us give thanks.

For STRACHEY, whose forename is LYTTON,  
 Quite free from all sycophant aims,  
 Who of Royalties always has written  
*Tout court* by their Christian names;  
 For the gloomy Society Saga,  
 That now has supplanted the Manx,  
 Which has grown most decidedly *gaga*—  
 Oh! let us give thanks.

For the fearless portrayal of frenzy  
 By mummers who wriggle and squirm;  
 For the letters of COMPTON MACKENZIE  
 Recounting the glories of Herm;  
 For the new "educationist" *argot*  
 We've borrowed from Teutons and Yanks;  
 For CLARE and ROSITA and MARGOT—  
 Oh! let us give thanks.

For the dancers who jazz to the bellow  
 Of trumpets, the saxophone's blare;  
 For the jumpers in green and in yellow  
 Our agile young Amazons wear;  
 For the cult of SUZANNE and her capers,  
 Displacing the PETHS and the PANKS;  
 For the rush to insure in the papers—  
 Oh! let us give thanks.

For savants undoubtedly British  
 Who showed by their meeting at Hull  
 A talent for ways that are skittish,  
 A horror of all that is dull;  
 For medicos blandly coquetting  
 With FREUD and his psychical pranks;  
 For Deans their decorum forgetting—  
 Oh! let us give thanks.

For the new and delectable dishes  
 Compounded by musical chefs;  
 For the Trixes, the Dollys, the Gishes,  
 The Bimbos, the Mutts, and the Jeffs;  
 For LOVAT, the pride of the FRASERS,  
 The dread of the Georgian ranks,  
 The chief of italic scalp-raisers—  
 Oh! let us give thanks.

But the task overtaxes my forces;  
I only have touched on a part  
Of the boons that defy the resources  
Of eulogy's difficult art;  
Yet for all that modernity offers,  
From auto-suggestion to tanks,  
From SHAW to American golfers,  
Oh! let us give thanks.

## A MASQUE OF THE MONTHS.

*(Written after a course of modern verse, in which a reversion to rhyme of a sort is combined with an intermittent deviation into metre.)*

In January  
Miss Anna Airy  
And Mrs. Laura Knight  
Work by artificial light.

In chilly Feb.,  
'Mid slush that muddies  
The oafs at the goals,  
Those pious souls,  
Mr. SIDNEY WEBB,  
And Mrs. SIDNEY,  
And all of that kidney,  
Resume their social and economic studies.

In March the jaundiced Pietist  
Turns psycho-dietist,  
And novelists, o'erjoyed  
With JUNG und FREUD,  
Explore with infinite pains  
Humanity's dustbins and drains.

In April, brisk and showery,  
Tales of the New York Bowery,  
Of mystery, grime  
And dope and crime,  
In stacks and piles  
Invade the British Isles.

In May, bards sing  
Any old thing  
From morn till eve,  
Till the judicious grieve  
And "readers" hurl what they receive,  
Wholesale, without a fee,  
Into the W.P.B.

In leafy June the bees  
Buzz in the trees  
As well as in the bonnets  
Of those who deal in sonnets.

In fierce July the blaze  
Of the dread dog-star's rays  
Allows no quarter  
To the industrious SHORTER,  
Who with a zeal devout  
Continues ladling out  
The gall of censure and the pap of praise.

In August flies,  
Grown to full size,  
Disturb the meditative Muse  
Of TURNER, SHANKS and RICHARD HUGHES.

In tranquil Sept.,  
Now kept  
A month of breathing space  
For weary printers,  
The literary sprinters  
Like Mr. MAIS  
Put up their pens,  
Stylos or fountains,  
And seek the glens,  
The moors, the mountains.

October, at thy coming chill  
Once more poetic teashops fill,  
And BLUNDEN, SHANKS, SASSOON and SQUIRE  
Rejoin the bright-eyed cherub quire.

November, consecrate to fog,  
Dismays the Grub Street under-dog,  
But diarists, *incog.*,  
Or self-revealed, sparing nor quick nor dead,  
Rush in where demons might have feared to  
tread.

December comes  
And numbs  
Our ears and thumbs,  
But soon  
SHAW sounds a sennet  
And CHESTERTON or BENNETT  
Add variations to the tune;  
While "ALDOUS" grimly hoots  
And "SACHA" toots  
Upon the weirdest of all flutes;  
While in the background WELLS  
Foretells  
The imminent advent of new Heavens and Hells.

## MUSINGS OF A MISONEIST.

I RECOGNIZE in wonder and in awe  
 The exploits of our latter-day inventors,  
 Yet little consolation can I draw  
 From the near advent of a race of stentors;  
 And though the strident megaphonic shout  
 May prove the only way to educate us,  
 I very much prefer to listen *out*  
 Than glue my ear to wireless apparatus.

I can't assent to critics who uphold  
 "It's only modern poetry that matters;"  
 Verse does not count because it's new or old—  
 No age is free from dunces or from satyrs—  
 But just because it's good; the modern lyre  
 Has no monopoly of the art of thrilling,  
 But when it wallows in the mud and mire  
 Excels all ancientry in bilge-distilling.

I've not the least desire to pitch my tent  
 In suburbs mainly haunted by ink-slingers,  
 Or garden-cities, where the modest rent  
 Attracts a horde of impecunious singers;—  
 Where every second person that you meet  
 Is sure to be a prig or poetaster,  
 And sandalled spinsters worship at the feet  
 Of some unpublished and unshaven "Master."



I'm very sick of "gestures," "acid tests,"  
 Of psycho-analytic expositions,  
 With all their dread new-fangled verbal pests,  
 Especially the plague of "inhibitions";  
 I'm weary of acidulated jibes  
 At all the eminent Victorians levelled  
 By sour or semi-educated scribes  
 Both morally and mentally dishevelled.

I do not love the tenth, the silent Muse,  
 Whose shrine at Hollywood is duly tended  
 By famous Polish and Hungarian Jews  
 In whom exotic strains are strangely blended  
 With the least pleasing Transatlantic traits,  
 And who have bred a novel type of hero  
 And heroine, who "reconstruct" the days  
 And ways of MESSALINA and of NERO.

Of recent years increasingly I've felt  
 A strong disinclination for agreeing  
 With those who laud and glorify the Celt  
 As a superior brand of human being.  
 I think the Englishman, though as a rule  
 He paints himself in hues of deepest sable,  
 Far more good-natured when he is a fool,  
 And infinitely abler when he's able.

And so a truce to cavilling: our boys  
 And girls are not all mutineers or blighters;  
 'Tis the minority that makes most noise  
 In the small world of freaks or free-verse writers.  
 Youth will judge youth; now, as throughout the years,  
 The "blesséd young" can be securely trusted  
 To deal more faithfully with their wild compeers  
 Than critics who are old and grey and crusted.

## LAUS PARVORUM.

**B**IGNESS to-day is all the fashion;  
 "Jumbomania" 's the ruling passion;  
 Men and women, with few abstentions,  
 Make a fetish of mammoth dimensions.

"Record" crowds, unparalleled "gates,"  
 Giant programmes and monster fêtes,  
 Show, wherever we turn our eyes,  
 Worth is solely measured by size.

Artful amalgamation's aid  
 Revolutionizes our trade;  
 Firms conducted on modest lines  
 Are mostly swallowed by huge combines.

Every week one reads in the papers  
 Pleas on behalf of huge sky-scrappers,  
 Deprecating the ancient fable  
 Which dealt with the fate of the Tower of Babel.

So an idle rhymer might well eschew  
 Espousing a small minority view,  
 Yet in little things I find such bliss  
 That I venture to plead *de minimis*.

A little house may harbour more peace  
 Than a palace where riches ever increase;  
 And a single stanza exert a sway  
 Denied to a long heroic lay.

SHAKESPEARE, the wisest of those who know,  
Tells how the great in their over-throw  
Have found at last, when fortune is kittle,  
"The blessedness of being little."

Thunderous symphonies, richly fraught  
With sound and fury that signify naught—  
Brayings of the unending ass—  
Into oblivion swiftly pass.

Things that are mighty and huge and vast  
Now, as in the days that are past  
Lack the enduring grace that clings  
To the gracious, lovable, little things.

Great is the power of sound, and yet  
Modern minstrels seem to forget  
How the most searching message of all  
Came in a voice that was "still and small."

## MONOLOGUE OF A MESO-GEORGIAN.

(On the eve of his departure for America.)

THE peewit wheeling aloft  
 Utters her whimpering cry,  
 Ever more petulantly insistent  
 As the human intruder approaches  
 The nest of her helpless brood.  
 The peacock upon the terraces  
 Of the stately homes of England  
 Struts, and as he expands  
 The fan of his gorgeous tail,  
 Intermittently shrieks his pæan  
 In strains of piercing falsetto,  
 Exulting in caudal pomp.

I too resemble these birds;  
 For, as ARISTOTLE remarks  
 (This I owe to compulsory Greek  
 And the days when with towelled brow  
 I studied, long after midnight,  
 The Nicomachean Ethics,  
 And subsequently squeaked  
 Into the Third Class in "Greats"),  
 The poet towards his works  
 Habitually displays  
 The same paternal devotion  
 That inspires the human parent  
 And also the plaintive peewit.  
 Nor is the parallel lacking  
 That links me up with the peacock;  
 For my voice, like his, is piercing,  
 And my motto is *Sursum cauda!*

Witness the dazzling spots  
And blobs of unearthly radiance  
With which I am wont to besprinkle  
The plumes of my perorations.

But still, in the deathless phrase  
Of the mid-Victorian minstrel,  
Believe me, "I am not happy;"  
For, though I still can sling  
The purple ink with the best of them,  
And rarely if ever deviate  
Into the ditch of rhyme—  
The last ditch of the destitute—  
Small solace can I derive  
From the company of my brethren,  
The *habitués* of the Tea-shop.  
For they look at me askance,  
They hold me the slave of *clichés*,  
And almost as great a back-number  
As RUPERT BROOKE or TENNYSON.  
Nor do I stand well with the SITWELLS,  
Who in rude heroic couplets—  
Such as DRYDEN might haply have written  
When suffering from neurasthenia—  
Denounce me inferentially  
As the sycophant of SQUIRE  
And his servile henchmen, the Big Five,  
Whose exploits rouse to fury  
The apostles of Rotary diction.  
All this I could stand; but more  
Remains behind, for verse—  
And when I say "verse" I mean  
The verse I excel in producing—  
Is no longer a lucrative product.

The novel is now played out  
(According to CICELY HAMILTON)  
And the hideous cost of production  
Is playing the devil with poetry.  
And yet a gleam of hope  
Dawns on the bleak horizon:  
SAM BUTLER, you may remember,  
In "O God, O Montreal!"  
Denounced the Philistinism  
Of Transatlantic culture.  
But he was unjust and unkind  
In view of the generous treatment  
Accorded so amply of late  
To our suffering minor poets  
By the eager American audience.  
Wherefore on the morrow's morning  
I am off to Philadelphia,  
Chicago, Boston and Pittsburg,  
To rake in thousands of dollars,  
The jingling tingling dollars,  
By lectures and giving readings  
From my unpublished poems,  
And claiming—who knows?—the mantle,  
As yet unappropriated,  
Worn by the late lamented  
Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## MILLENNIAL MUSINGS.

**T**HOUGH the self-protective Plesiosaurus,  
 Like the Giant Sloth, pursuit evades,  
 Floundering elusively before us  
 Down the darkling Patagonian glades,  
 Man, embellished with new-fangled features,  
 Urged by eager emulative rage,  
 Threatens to eclipse the weirdest creatures  
 That adorned the Mesozoic age.

Man, to be precise, with glands engrafted  
 From the eagle or the blue baboon,  
 Man shall soar aloft, on pinions wafted  
 O'er the topmost Mountains of the Moon;  
 Or be heard seraphically singing  
 In the manner of the chimpanzee,  
 As he dangles delicately swinging  
 By his lissome tail from tree to tree.

Apes and angels of the days Victorian  
 From their ancient conflict shall refrain,  
 Trained in methods ultra-Montessorian,  
 Mingling on a higher astral plane,  
 And all crude carnivorous taste eschewing—  
 Chops and steaks and larger joints or cuts—  
 Freed from roasting, basting, boiling, stewing,  
 Shall subsist exclusively on nuts.

This, believe me, is no wild chimæra  
    Bombinating in a formless void;  
No, the dawning Julian (HUXLEY) era  
    Fortifies the fantasies of FREUD;  
And already cerebral distension,  
    Joined to pogo-platypoditude,  
Beggars the prophetic invention  
    Of the Gloomiest Dean's Laputan mood.

But intrepid science chiefly raises  
    Hopes of human structural repair  
On the wonderful forthcoming phases  
    Of our ruling of the waves of air;  
When sustained aerial auscultation,  
    Practised for a space of thirty years,  
Shall produce a nobler generation  
    All equipped with elephantine ears.

Not to us, the elders, shall this blessing  
    Bring its bounteous Boanergic balm;  
Yet, serenely gain and loss assessing,  
    We may find a compensating calm;  
"Stone-dead," runs the proverb, "hath no  
    fellow:"

    In a world of wireless *Mutt and Jeff*,  
And the "MAGNAVOX'S" blatant bellow,  
    There is equal virtue in stone-deaf.



## SAMARCAND.

**T**HIS strange to note how from the earliest days  
 Place-names have proved a positive Bonanza  
 To bards in search of some bejewelled phrase  
 To lend the last distinction to a stanza—  
 Names that arrest or in mysterious ways  
 Exhale an exquisite extravaganza ;  
 Names that caress or titillate the ear,  
 Golconda, El Dorado, Bendemeer.

The lure of euphony is with us still,  
 In spite of modes outlandish and new-fangled,  
 And all the feverish perverted skill  
 Spent upon sounds deliberately jangled ;  
 So too with names that once were wont to thrill,  
 But now survive in forms debased or mangled ;  
 As when Bellona, devastating despot,  
 Crudely curtails a "blessed word" to "Mespot."

There was a time, ere Germany had gained  
 The hateful reputation of a wrecker,  
 When the Victorian poets entertained  
 A high regard for Heidelberg-on-Neckar ;  
 But Teuton magic has entirely waned,  
 And to the East we turn with ELROY FLECKER,  
 Though it was KEATS who first in fancy scanned  
 The palaces of "silken Samarcand."

KEATS never knew—the date when he deceased  
Renders the observation rather silly—  
“The splendour and the havoc of the East”  
Interpreted by OSCAR and by LILY,  
Or saw the Bactrian camel, curious beast,  
Pacing along Pall Mall or Piccadilly,  
Sights now familiar to the Cockney tiro,  
Thanks to the runs of *Chu-Chin-Chow* and *Cairo*.

Yet there are wayward and fastidious souls  
Blind to the charms of pageant and pyjama,  
Unheeding the innumerable shoals  
Who flock to view the Oriental drama,  
For whom one single phrase of KEATS unrolls  
A richer Asiatic panorama  
Than camels, turbans, “trouserloons” and sashes  
And all the grandeur that is OSCAR ASCHE’S.

## SONGS OF IMPUDENCE.

## I.—ACROSS THE ZODIAC.

**N**OW that a pig has flown the Channel,  
 Without a wrapping of warm Welsh  
 flannel,  
 I am meditating a longer cruise  
 To Aldebaran or Betelgeuse.

Forty cylinders, all of a row,  
 Humming and purring, sweet and low—  
 Over the Zodiac I shall skim  
 After the manner of cherubim.

As for provisions I'll take a cask  
 Of caviare and a Thermos flask  
 Of *crème de menthe*, and I mean to beg  
 A plover to lay me a daily egg.

Forth on my jocund journey hurled  
 Over the flaming walls of the world,  
 Through the windows of my saloon  
 I shall leer down on the crazy moon.

Long-tailed meteors will graze my wheels,  
 Uttering plaintive glutinous squeals,  
 While I paint the firmament pink,  
 Singing the song of the Skinamalink.

There I shall hear swart hippogriffs  
Sniffing the ether with eager sniffs,  
Or taste the runcible cosmic smell  
That surges out of the seventeenth Hell.

Algol I stop at: I like his wink;  
And his name suggests a cooling drink;  
But Saturn, no! With his silly rings  
He looks too like a dumpling with wings.

And one must be chary of favours too,  
Or otherwise the celestial crew  
Would hold the boon of having a peep  
At a Georgian poet far too cheap.

But Betelgeuse! I think a star  
With a name so exotic and so bizarre  
Is worth a hundred heavenly bodies  
Named after Classical Tomnoddies.

(When I say "I," I mean We Three,  
For Lilith and Ulpha are coming with me;  
Lilith to lull me with eldritch song,  
And Ulpha to bump on the Burmese gong.)

Well, well, I suppose I must go and pack,  
And when, you wonder, will I come back?  
Go ask of the wind and the Hertzian waves,  
And meanwhile thank your stars for my staves.

## II.—A MÆANDRIAN MELODY.

(By Lilith Wheeler Coxwell.)

WHERE the crapulous Mæander,  
 Sentinelled by twinkling reeds,  
 Fringed with groves of oleander,  
 Warbles through its purple meads;

Limply clad in scented samite  
 Cyllias, the Paravane,  
 Murmured crisply, "Dimmit, dammit,"  
 Gazing o'er the pinguid plain,

Seeking with a blond *bravura*  
 To evoke from Eblis Hall  
 Memories of his Angostura,  
 Mummified beyond recall.

\* \* \* \*

From the vestibule of Ammon  
 Thronged the peach-fed hierophants  
 With their limbs more pink than salmon,  
 Veiled in polyphonic pants.

Goliardic cachinnations  
 Issued from the Seventeenth Hell,  
 Mixed with tintinnabulations  
 Saccharine as hydromel.

Yet unmoved by the aroma  
 Cyllias with amber eye,  
 Lapped in Mareotic coma,  
 Watched the pageant slither by—

SAPPHO, SKANDERBEG, SALAMMO,  
 NEPHRETITI, GOOD QUEEN BESS,  
 Joining in divine dumb-crambo  
 With HALL CAINE and "C.K.S.",

BAX and BLISS and PALESTRINA,  
 CASANOVA, ALEC WAUGH,  
 ALDOUS HUXLEY, MESSALINA,  
 HANNIBAL and BERNARD SHAW.

Then at last the Muses' minion  
 Rose and laced his jonquil shoon,  
 Like a blameless Abyssinian  
 In the mountains of the Moon,

Where the blue-nosed apes keep drumming  
 Tambourines with limber hoof,  
 And the parasangs go plumbing  
 Depths of sempiternal spooF.

## THE RENEGADE.

AFTER long incarceration in the prison of free verse,  
 Varied by some meditation on the ecstasy of Erse,  
 Irresistible compulsion drives me, blessing what I banned,  
 In a mood of strong revulsion, back to dear old Metroland.

Not the land whose scenic beauties on the Underground displayed  
 Lure the Cockney to recruit his energies in park or glade,  
 But the realm of rules and orders, where Prosodial police  
 Banish far beyond its borders all disturbers of the peace.

There in some sequestered valley, from psychology released,  
 I can delicately dally with the agile anapæst,  
 Dreaming not of big Bonanzas, or the lure of oil or mines,  
 But developing new stanzas on Simonidean lines.

All acidulous polemics (which I waged myself of old  
 Warring with the academics) leave me now completely cold;  
 Though in moments of reaction I resent the futile jibes  
 And the stark self-satisfaction of the neo-Georgian scribes.

Every neo-goose who cackles of his liberty sublime,  
 Extricated from the shackles of the tyranny of rhyme,  
 Ultimately realises how much deadlier is the plague  
 Of eternal exercises in the vehemently vague.

Oh, the misery of striving to be "fresh," and free at last  
 From the toilsome task of diving in the "dustbins of the past,"  
 When the firm resolve of trying to dispense with ancient lore  
 Ends in clumsy versifying what was better said before.

Less, still less, as I grow older am I minded to contend  
With the band who, ever bolder in the Satanistic trend,  
In the gospel of Vienna fresh and flagrant pigments find  
As they paint the new Gehenna raging in the modern mind.

Unreluctantly reverting to the fetters that I broke  
When the Georgian self-asserting, self-expressing genius woke,  
Though the world is tingling, shingling, though the skies seem  
fit to fall,  
I'm content to go on jingling on a theme from *Locksley Hall*.

Freed, in fine, from all "awareness"—which alternatively means  
Power to "sense" the radiant rareness of unholy things and  
scenes—  
An eternal valediction to the modernists I fling  
Who are "stercorous" in fiction, who are Sadist when they sing.



NOTE.

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